

## Aren't They a Lovely Couple? by mangagal

**Series:** The Best Things Come in Threes [6]

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**Summary:**

Prom (well Junior Prom) only comes once after all!

## 1. 1

### Author's Note:

I'm back from the dead! I'm sorry this took me so long, my life is a mess and I could promise that I'll do better in the future but I'd be lying to you. But to make up for it here's a special Valentines Day gift! So if you're as single as I am this holiday here is some sappiness to carry you though (somebody find me a girlfriend)! Thank you for reading lovelies!!! <3  
Nancy's dress is based off of these two pictures.

[https://i0.wp.com/www.jenx67.com/wp-content/uploads/blogger/-Cqhrp4ag7H4/T6QqNOwnxCI/AAAAAAA8M/4\\_b1ANCBHi8/s640/prom%2B1983.jpg?resize=640%2C616](https://i0.wp.com/www.jenx67.com/wp-content/uploads/blogger/-Cqhrp4ag7H4/T6QqNOwnxCI/AAAAAAA8M/4_b1ANCBHi8/s640/prom%2B1983.jpg?resize=640%2C616)

<http://ghk.h-cdn.co/assets/15/20/lori-singer-footloose-2-prom-dress.jpg>

“Smile!” Her mom gushed as she took yet another (probably out of focus) picture. Steve and Nancy stood stiffly in front of the Harrington’s house as both of their parents took countless pictures.

“You look lovely Nancy!” Mrs. Harrington cooed warmly, but the warmth didn’t quite reach her eyes. Every time Nancy had talked to the woman she’d had the vague feeling that she wasn’t really present, like everything was just an act for her. But the complement seemed genuine and if Nancy were to say so, she looked pretty tonight. Her pale pink dress hung off of her shoulders flatteringly, a sheer ruffle hanging from the neckline, her hair pulled back, curls pulled out to frame her face.

She and Barb had talked about getting matching dresses. They had pored over magazines, cutting out the ones that they liked best, pasting them all together in a collage. Barb had loved this dress. Nancy was going to wear it in pink and Barb in pale green. Barb had never gotten to wear the dress though... Nancy had to wear it by herself. She missed her friend and the fact that they would never get

to go to junior prom or prom or each other's weddings or have their kids grow up together or anything else weighed heavily on her. Barb's parents still thought that she had just run away, maybe with a secret boyfriend, but Nancy knew better than to hope that she would ever come back. Nancy knew that she was dead and gone for good.

Steve seemed to sense her melancholy mood and gave her hand a little squeeze and a smile. She did her best to smile back at him. He was so good to her. When she'd broken down crying about this whole thing with Barb, how this was the first milestone she'd ever gone through without her best friend, he'd just sat there and held her until she was done crying. He'd listened to her ramble on and on about the plans that they'd had together. He'd listened to her ramble about the green dress Barb was supposed to wear that night. He'd gone off and secretly picked out a green bowtie to wear tonight. When he'd shown it to her she'd burst into tears again. It was the exact color that Barb had wanted. Nancy decided to take it as a sign, that Barb was watching over them, letting her know that it was okay to move on. She would never really get over it, how could she? But Nancy didn't need to stay stuck there in the past just because she wasn't here to share everything together. She would be twice as happy, for Barb's sake.

She wondered what Barb would have thought about their whole situation. She knew that Barb hadn't had the highest opinion of Steve but she thought that the other girl would have grown to like him over time if she'd really given him a chance. She and Jonathan would have probably gotten along, with their quick sarcastic humor and tendency to be overly serious. She wonders how she would have reacted to them all dating. If Nancy would have been able to tell her right away or if she would have been too worried about rejection. She wondered if Barb would have rejected them or if she would have warmed up to the idea with time. She would never really know the answer but she liked to think that Barb would have, eventually.

Barb wasn't the only one she was missing this evening though. Jonathan was conspicuously missing from their prom photos. Of course they couldn't all go together, but Nancy still wished that he could have been there. They'd argued about it of course, tried to figure a way that all three of them could go even if they couldn't go

as each other's dates but Jonathan had put his foot down. They had actually gotten into an argument about it. Steve and her saying that they just wouldn't go if they couldn't all go together. Jonathan had told them that yes they were going, that no he would not be going with someone else just as a friend. He had asked them where this mystery friend he was supposed to go with was? He'd said it was too expensive anyway. She still wished he was coming with them.

Their parents snapped entirely too many pictures and fussed far too long for a junior prom.

"We're going to miss it if we don't leave soon!" Steve exclaimed when her mom started looking for another roll of film to capture more stiff shots of the two of them in formalwear.

"You're right," she'd sighed when she came up empty from her purse, "I'm all out of film anyway. You kids have fun!"

"But not too much fun!" Mr. Harrington piped up from where he had been leaning against his new car with a smile and a wink that looked all too familiar but completely foreign at the same time.

"Don't get her back too late." Her father said, like he would be awake to see if she got home at all (even if he tried he would have ended up asleep in his chair by 9:30, some show droning on endlessly in the background).

"Don't worry Mr. Wheeler," Steve smiled his charming parent approved smile, "I'll get her back safe and sound." And with that they hurried off to the relative safety of Steve's car. He backed out of the driveway and speed off down the road.

"You would think we were going off to war or something instead of junior prom with they way they were carrying on." Nancy huffed, pulling out a mirror to check that her makeup was still in place.

"Well they had to memorialize how drop dead gorgeous you are." Steve said, grinning at her and snagging her hand to press a kiss to it. She smacked him on the arm for being embarrassing but she loved it, she loved how easily he doled out complements.

They made it, a little late, but they made it. They milled around with the other couples dressed in their best. They saw Tommy and Carol across the room and went in the other direction. They drank punch (unfortunately not spiked) and chatted with the few friends they had, mingled with classmates.

They slow danced, it was nice. Nancy liked being cradled against Steve, she liked any excuse to touch him. She liked the way that she could hear his steady heartbeat when her head was cradled against his chest. She liked the way that he ran his thumb against her shoulder blades. She liked being surrounded by his scent. They made their little rounds for what felt like hours; chat, get refreshments, move back to the dance floor, over, and over again. They were dancing again when Steve leaned down to whisper into her ear.

“I miss Jonathan.” His breath was warm on her ear.

“Yeah,” she practically sighed back, “I miss him too.”

“Should be blow this joint and go rescue our prince from his tower?” He asked mischievously, eyes twinkling in anticipation.

“I thought you’d never ask.” Nancy grinned back her first genuine smile of the evening as Steve dragged her off of the dance floor and into the night.

## 2. 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan was fine with not going to prom. It had been his idea and he wasn't upset about it at all...

Jonathan was not pouting, no matter what his mom said. So what if he was upset that he couldn't go to prom with his boyfriend and girlfriend? It was perfectly normal in his opinion. Even if prom wasn't really his thing and he'd never wanted to go before he got together with Steve and Nancy. He still wished that he could have had the option, even if he wouldn't have chosen to go.

He'd been in an awful mood about it all week. He might have been a little short with everyone. He might have even gotten into a fight with Nancy and Steve about it. Just because they couldn't go together didn't mean that they shouldn't go together. He didn't want to ruin their precious high school memories; he never wanted to hold them back. Of course he always wanted to be with them but he wouldn't if it would hurt them... But it didn't mean that he wasn't irritated about it.

He'd been slamming doors all day and he'd snapped at his mom. He felt terrible about it, especially after she'd just given a little smile after his outburst. The final straw was when Will had patted him on his head to comfort him as he'd passed by the couch Jonathan was sulking on. He must look really miserable if even his baby brother was taking pity on him. He'd locked himself in his room after that. Just because he was miserable it didn't mean he needed to bother everyone else with it. It was his problem to deal with.

He wasn't really angry with Steve and Nancy, it wasn't their fault. Of course they had to be the couple that went together. Everyone knew that they were dating and they had to keep it that way. He wasn't even mad that he couldn't go with them; they would do things apart, sometimes, not very often but sometimes. The heart of the matter was that it reminded him that the world wouldn't allow their relationship. The world was built for couples and this situation with prom would be repeated throughout their lives over and over

again. Over and over they would have to pick what they were going to show the world. He knew that they would have to and he knew that the couple would be Steve and Nancy over and over. It only made sense; they'd been dating first after all. He knew that they wouldn't abandon him that easily but this brought up all his insecurities. That someday they'd decide that two was more than enough and they'd throw him away like a shed skin leaving him to be blown away in the wind. Jonathan flopped over onto his back, he hadn't even bothered to put on any music, he was too irritated.

There was a sharp knock on his door. Now Jonathan wished that he'd left it unlocked, then he wouldn't have to get up to let his mom in. She'd just fuss and he'd have to try to act like he was fine, at least well enough that she wouldn't try and check on him for a few hours. He should just tell her to go away. He groaned, scrubbing his hands over his face. He couldn't pull a stunt like that after how nasty he'd been her all day. He rolled out of bed, his feet hitting the ground loudly. Grumbling to himself Jonathan shuffled over to the door to deal with this. When he opened the door though, his mom wasn't there. Well she was but she was in the background grinning excitedly, almost manically. Instead Steve and Nancy were there outside his door, looking like radiant angels while he had on stained sweats looking like a goblin that had crawled out from under a bridge.

"What are you guys doing here?" Jonathan asked, still not quite believing that they were actually here in his house, "Aren't you supposed to be at prom?"

"We were," Nancy said, looking almost embarrassed, "but it wasn't any fun without you." She was so beautiful, what had he ever done to deserve her?

"You guys shouldn't have left because of me," Jonathan said, feeling guilty that he'd ruined their night, "I'm fine."

"Well you might have been fine man but we definitely weren't," Steve cut his self depreciating speech short, "we're a mess without you. Nothing is quite right. So go put your mopey ass in some formal clothes, we're having our own prom!" Jonathan couldn't help but stand there gaping until Steve, beautiful glorious Steve who

always has perfect hair, pushes him into his room and closes the door behind him. Well, this wasn't how he had been expecting the night to go.

Jonathan dug around in his closet, throwing old beat up pants and too large sweaters to the side. He had to have formal clothes in here somewhere! He found a white button-down shirt that had fallen down and was only a little wrinkled. After searching some more he found his lone suit, crammed in the back of his closet after Will's "funeral". His hand shook for a moment before he steeled himself and took out the suit. Will wasn't really dead, he was fine, he also didn't have anything else to wear so he would have to be fine with it. Jonathan assembled his outfit and examined his reflection in the mirror, something was missing.

He was missing a tie. Jonathan cursed as he dug through his sock drawer for the couple of ties he knew he had stashed in there somewhere. He didn't even know why he had them; it wasn't like he ever went to church or anywhere else that would require him to wear one. If he was being honest, he didn't even know how to tie them. There was a soft knock on his door before Steve let himself in.

"How's it going?" Steve asked sounding a little concerned, "We heard cursing?" Steve sat himself down on Jonathan's bed, pushing the pile of sweaters off to the side.

"It's nothing," Jonathan grumbled, not bothering to tell Steve about his own personal tie hell, "I'm fine." Jonathan held up the two ties he'd swiped from the drawer, one black and the other light blue. He just stood there bemused; he couldn't just not wear a tie again, that would make it all too much like the last time. Steve wrapped his arms around Jonathan's waist, resting his chin on the shorter teen's shoulder. Jonathan hadn't even heard him get up from the bed.

"You should wear the blue one." Steve murmured into his ear sending a shiver down his spine.

"But won't it clash?" Jonathan asked, not really sure how this worked, "It doesn't match yours or Nancy's."

"It's fine," Steve smiled easily, meeting Jonathans eyes in the

mirror, “we have like a pastel theme going on or something.” Steve stood up a little, giving him some space to actually tie his tie. Jonathan threw it around his neck, trying to remember how Lonnie had tied it for him when he had been a kid.

“Here man,” Steve broke in after Jonathan struggled for a few minutes, plucking the useless strip of fabric out of his useless hands, “give me that before you strangle yourself with it.” Steve stepped around him and into his space. He was so gentle wrapping the tie around his neck, it made him feel treasured. Steve tied with the expertise of a 40-year-old businessman.

“You’re really good at this.” Jonathan flushed at the proximity of his boyfriend and the undivided attention he was receiving.

“Well, I have a lot of practice,” Steve said, his tongue poking out cutely as he concentrated, “anything with my parents usually involves one. I’m practically a professional by now.” He put the finishing touches on his tie and pulled it snug. “There, perfect.” Steve said, pulling Jonathan by his tie into a quick kiss. Jonathan could definitely see the appeal of ties now. He tried to follow Steve’s mouth but the other boy just laughed and pushed him onto his bed to try and do something with Jonathan’s hair. There was vigorous combing and a copious amount of hairspray involved.

“Do you just carry hairspray around?” Jonathan asked with a cough as the cloud of noxious fume dissipated. Steve only hummed as he finished up, neither confirming or denying it. Steve hustled him out of the room before he even had a chance to look in the mirror. It was probably a good idea, Jonathan thought, he probably looked ridiculous. If Steve had given him a moment to look he might have refused to leave his room, to be compared to these beautiful creatures while he slumped around in his wrinkly suit that was only worn at funerals.

“You look so handsome!” His mom gushed; she probably would have said that no matter how rumpled he looked. He loved his mom but her opinion was not to be trusted.

“I didn’t know you even owned a tie.” Will teased gently,

twisting to look over the back of the couch. “It looks good.” Will could be trusted a little bit more than his mom but Jonathan still fussed over the cuffs of his shirt, trying to smooth the multitude of wrinkles. Nancy came over, grabbed his hands, effectively putting an end to his fussing.

“They’re right,” Nancy said, leaning in conspiratorially as she straightened his tie and stole a kiss, “you should wear a tie more often. It makes you look sexy.” Jonathan felt like he’d swallow his tongue. He was about to look around, make sure his family hadn’t heard when he heard the distinct click of his camera’s shutter going off.

“Hey!” Jonathan whipped around to catch Steve red handed. “Quit that!” He tried to be stern but he couldn’t help but laugh at Steve’s antics. The camera continued to click as Steve got picture after picture of Jonathan’s quickly shifting expression. The pictures that Steve took were always a little out of focus and tilted slightly to the right for some reason, but in all of their imperfection they still managed to be some of Jonathan’s favorite pictures. Jonathan finally managed to get his camera back without causing any major damage.

“You and Nancy stand together.” Jonathan ordered as soon as he made sure the other boy hadn’t messed anything up, ignoring the pained look on Steve’s face.

“Our parents already took about a million pictures of us!” Steve whined, still obediently going to stand next to Nancy.

“Well then there are going to be a million stiff photos of you and a couple good ones that I’m going to take.” The other two sometimes complained about the amount of time he spent behind the camera but this was an important event, they weren’t going to get out of this one. They started out stiff and awkward but Jonathan kept pulling faces at them until they were in stitches. They managed to get some good shots after that. They may have been in his slightly dilapidated living room instead of in front of the Harrington’s stately house but they were full of warmth and fond looks that made Jonathan feel included even if he wasn’t physically in the pictures. His mom had other ideas though.

“Go on, I’ve got this.” She chided shooing him off as he tried to fuss, making sure she knew what to do, “You only attend junior prom once after all. You need to have pictures of it!” She made them pose for awkward formal pictures and maybe even a couple of good ones, he hoped they turned out anyway. She was right after all, junior prom only happened once, even if you weren’t going to the real one.

“We should really get going Mrs. Byers.” Nancy said, she had never felt comfortable using her first name like his mom insisted she should. “We don’t want to be late to prom.” She said teasingly, grinning up at the two of them.

“Well I wouldn’t want that.” His mom played along smiling softly before picking up a teasing tone of her own, “Now I want my boy home at a respectable hour. No funny business you hear?” But she pressed a kiss onto each of their cheeks with a whispered, “Have fun!” to Jonathan before pushing them out the door.

They all piled into Steve’s car, Jonathan at a loss for where they were going. They could go sit in a parking lot for all he cared. This evening was already more than he could have imagined.

“Wait! Before I forget!” Steve rummaged around before coming out with a boutonniere that matched his own. Leaning clumsily across the stick shift to pin it into place.

“You had this planned the whole time!” Nancy seemed almost offended that she hadn’t been let in on this plan.

“Well I knew Byers would be moping around all night long,” Steve said pressing a kiss against Nancy’s cheek to try and appease her, “and we couldn’t have that could we? His face is much too cute to be wasted like that.” Steve then pressed a kiss against Jonathan’s brow where it had wrinkled at being called cute.

“Well you still could have let me in on it.” Nancy grumped half-heartedly, putting her seatbelt on.

“Well it isn’t just a surprise for Jonathan.” Steve let out cryptically, ignoring both of their questions as they sped off into the

night.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I always wanted someone to either tie Jonathan's tie or teach him how to so that's my guilty little pleasure in this chapter ;)

I hope you all like it so far, it's only going to get sappier and more fluffy as the chapters go on! Thank you so much for reading! There is more to come, both in this story and the series as a whole, so be sure to subscribe to the series! If you like what you read please leave a kudos and/or a comment, it really makes my day when I hear from any of you lovelies!

Thank you so much lovelies and I hope that the rest of your week is sparkly and magical! <3

### 3. 3

#### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Steve is a total sap.

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This chapter is pretty short but I hope you enjoy it!

They drove for a while, longer than the curiosity of either of the passengers could handle, but Steve was making them wait. It was rare that he could surprise either of them, let alone both of them at the same time, and this was what he really lived for. He loved making grandiose romantic gestures like this. They would probably call him corny but he knew that from them it would be a fond thing. He had dated other people before but he had never tried to pull off anything like this. They really hadn't been worth the effort and he knew that they would have laughed at the gesture. Steve had been planning this for ages, even before he'd known how hard it was for Nancy to do this without Barb, even before they'd gotten into that argument with Jonathan. He'd known that they wouldn't get to go to prom together, he knew that they wouldn't get to have events like this with all of them, he knew this, and knew that he wanted to make everything as special as he could.

"Close your eyes," Steve instructed to his boyfriend and girlfriend, who were both still bombarding him with questions, "you can peak if you want but it won't be magical if you do." They grumbled but complied with his demands. The sound of gravel under the tires was the only sound that filled the car as he carefully took the winding turns.

"Just a minute." Steve said as he slipped out of the car and flipped a couple switches, plugged in a couple of lights.

"Can we open our eyes or have you brought us to the middle of the forest to get rid of our bodies?" Jonathan asked petulantly. They really were impatient, good thing they were cute.

“Maybe I should just leave you here.” Steve mumbled as he led them out of the car, “Okay, you can look now.” All of the planning had been worth it to see the look of shock on their faces.

“Steve it’s beautiful!” Nancy gushed; her eyes lit up like the stars. The lights that he’d set up earlier twinkled around them, the fake flower chains swung gently in the cool night air, the giant poster proclaiming “Prom 1984” had stayed attached to the tree. Steve was just glad it hadn’t rained; he didn’t have a plan b.

“This must have taken forever.” Even Jonathan’s usually flat affect sounded excited for all his claims that he didn’t care about prom. “How much time did you even spend on this?” Jonathan asked, a small hint of a smile on his face.

“Not long.” Steve shrugged, trying to seem casual. They didn’t need to know that he’d been planning for weeks or how many trips he’d had to make to the store to make sure that everything was just right. Joyce definitely knew what was up, he’d gone through her checkout line often enough. She’d been sworn to secrecy and had stealthily applied the friends and family discount to the giant poster-board he was buying.

“This is perfect!” Nancy cried gleefully, twirling around in the middle of the clearing, looking almost otherworldly in the light of the moon and the cheep string lights.

“Wait, it’s not done yet.” Steve wiggled back into the car and the air was filled with music.

“Did you seriously make a mix tape for this?” Jonathan looked stunned, “What? Do you have a punch bowl hidden in there somewhere?”

“Well...” Steve couldn’t help the sly smile on his face.

“You didn’t!” Steve knew he’d done a good job with the way both of them were staring, mouths hanging open like the fish in the pond nearby. “Did you spike it too?” Nancy asked, peering over his shoulder as he pulled out the thermos and snacks from the trunk.

“Well as I am a responsible almost adult and driving,” the others groaned at his antics, “I did not spike the punch but I did bring this.” He held a flask out to them, completing the prom experience in his opinion.

“You are ridiculous Steve Harington.” Nancy stood on her tiptoes to kiss him thoroughly, “Thank you.”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

There at some property that Steve's parents own if anyone was curious. We're getting close to the end of this story but there is still plenty more to come for this series so be sure to subscribe if you want to make sure you don't miss anything!

Thank you so much for reading and I hope you're still enjoying it! If you are please leave kudos and/or a comment. It really makes my day and I cherish it in my heart forever!!!

Each and everyone of you are lovely and lovable and I hope your Friday treats you like the ethereal being you are! <3

## 4. 4

### Summary for the Chapter:

It's a magical night.

### Notes for the Chapter:

So here's the warning for underage drinking but they do that in the show so...

Also things get a little frisky ;) just a little.

They danced the night away. Nancy ended up abandoning her shoes almost immediately before the delicate things got ruined or stuck in the soft earth. She and Jonathan got increasingly tipsy throughout the evening. It made him almost syrupy sweet to everyone's delight. He kept telling her how she looked beautiful, like an angel, like a fairy, like the things of dreams. If she hadn't already felt like a princess before she certainly did now. She wasn't the only one he was lavishing with complements, however.

"How are you even this perfect?" Jonathan demanded, pressed up against Steve as they swayed slowly to the music, the edges of his words softened by the alcohol. "Like I get how Nancy can be so perfect but how can you be this perfect too?"

"Be careful there Byers," Steve pulled him closer so he couldn't see the tell-tail blush creeping across his face but Nancy had the perfect spot to watch it, "if you keep talking like that I'm going to get a swollen head." She knew he pretended to be all that but that Steve secretly loved it when they complemented him, she should do it more often. Steve flushed darker as Jonathan continued to mumble intelligibly into his chest. Damn. She wished she didn't have to be home soon. She wished that her mom wouldn't be waiting up for her to get home. She wished that Steve's parents hadn't picked this weekend out of hundreds to be home. She would even go as far as to wish that Steve had a little bit of a bigger car, like a pickup or something. Oh well, they'd have to get Jonathan drunk another time.

"Alright, I think it's time we head back into town." Steve was

truly red now; Nancy would be alarmed if it wasn't so charming.

"I don't want to leave yet." Jonathan pouted, adorable.

"Well we have to get the princess back or her mom won't let us take her out next time." Steve tried to convince the shorter teen. Jonathan considered it for a moment before sighing heavily and crawling into the backseat.

"Please tell me you're not as drunk as he is." Steve almost pleading with her.

"Don't worry about it," Nancy waved him off, "I'm good to pretend to be sober for my mom's interrogation."

"Nancy!" Jonathan called out almost forlornly from the backseat. Laughing Nancy crawled into the car to sit next to him. Steve walked around unplugging lights.

Strand by strand he unplugged the lights as the clearing gradually fell into darkness until it was just Steve and the moon. He looked beautiful. Nancy wished that this night could have lasted forever, that they could have stayed here forever in their own little world lit only by cheap strings of light and the moon. The gravel crunched under the wheels as they pulled away. Nancy couldn't help but turn around and watch it disappear into the night, she felt like she could stretch the moment out if she just refused to take her eyes off of it, but it still faded away the further they drove down the road. She felt a little melancholy for a moment before the present distracted her.

"Jonathan!" She couldn't help the shriek of laughter that slipped out as he pressed kisses into the ticklish crook of her arm, "What are you doing?"

"I wanted to kiss you." How could she say no to that when he was staring up at her through his bangs like that? Honestly, it wasn't fair; those puppy dog eyes were deadly. They were both lucky he didn't bring them out more often.

"You are not allowed to drink when we aren't there." Nancy

said practically to herself. “Well then what are you waiting for?” She asked, finally giving in, “Get up here and kiss me.”

He didn't waste any time after that, straightening up from where he'd gradually slid down the seat, his arms wrapped around her, lips soft and insistent on hers. Their kisses lacked the usual sharp bites that they usually devolved into, staying soft and open mouthed, languid and a little messy. Usually Nancy would have hated it but there was something appealing about it, having the usually tense Jonathan soft and lax against her. Apparently she wasn't the only one found it appealing.

“You guys! Stop it!” Steve whined from behind the wheel, squirming slightly in his seat, “You're going to make me crash into a tree or something. You're too distracting.”

“Well then pull over.” Jonathan said, leaning forward to suck a hicky behind Steve's ear, it was one of Steve's favorite spots.

“Stop that!” Steve practically shrieked, “Nancy can't you control him? If we stop Nancy's going to miss her curfew.”

“Spoil sport.” Jonathan grumbled, leaning back to continue kissing Nancy.

“You guys aren't fair.” Steve complained, doing his best to keep his eyes on the road and not glancing back in the rearview mirror. He slowed down as they reached her cul-de-sac.

“We're here.” Steve sounded a little grumpy from missing out on all the backseat action, “Unless you want your parents to see you two sucking face it's time to stop.” Nancy couldn't help but give Jonathan one more lingering kiss before she got out of the car, walking around to Steve's window.

“Don't be a grump about it.” She chastised, pressing her own long kiss against Steve's mouth, “Your parents are going out of town next week, right? We'll pick this up then.” She couldn't help but smile into one last kiss before she pulled away, practically skipping up to the front door. She didn't even notice her mother until she was part way up the stairs.

“Was that Jonathan I saw?” Nancy could have sworn that her mom melted out of the shadows there was no other explanation for why Nancy hadn’t noticed her. How much had she seen? Oh god, she did not want to have this conversation and ruin the perfect evening she’d had. She should have listened to Steve and laid off the kissing. She was going to ruin everything because she couldn’t resist her boyfriend. She should have sat in the front seat.

“What?” Nancy said, doing her best to buy some more time for an explanation.

“Was that Jonathan I saw in Steve’s car?” Her mother asked again, “I thought he wasn’t going to prom?” Nancy let out a little sigh of relief, her mother had been trying to be more relaxed but there is no way that she would be this chill if she’d seen.

“Yeah,” Nancy’s heart slowed to a normal pace, “last minute he decided to go. He didn’t have a date so we decided to go together.”

“Well that’s good, I worry about him sometimes.” Her mom glanced back out the window, like the boys might still be out there loitering in the car, “I’m glad that you’ve both become friends with him. How was prom?”

“It was great mom,” Nancy couldn’t keep the grin off her face, “it was magical.”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you so much for reading! We’re winding down to the end of this story but there’s plenty more to come so be sure to subscribe to the story if you don’t want to miss a thing! The next story involves a lake vacation, some short shorts, and sexy times, you definitely don’t want to miss it ;)

Thank you for reading, if you like it please leave kudos and/or comments. They make my day and put a smile on my face!

Hope to see you for the last chapter in this story and  
I hope your Saturday is as magical as you are! <3

## 5. 5

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Steve knew that Jonathan was going to be the death of him someday.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Last chapter! I hope you enjoy it!

Steve waited for Nancy to get in safe; he always waited to make sure she wasn't going to be snatched away by some otherworldly monster or a creeper. You could never be too careful. He had even waved to Mrs. Wheeler, he wasn't sure she saw though because Jonathan decided he needed to sit in the front of the car, blocking at least his line of sight.

"Are you going to be a problem?" Steve tried his best to seem stern but Jonathan just laughed at him.

"I'm not that drunk man." Jonathan let out another little laugh before starting to rifle through Steve's tape collection.

"Sure sure, cause you've sobered up so much in the past couple of minutes." Steve said skeptically as he drove off towards the Byers house.

"Yeah I did, I wasn't that drunk to start with." Steve couldn't help but roll his eyes at that, sure. Jonathan pulled out the prom mix tape, "Do I get a copy of this?"

"Yeah, that one's yours. I left my copy at home, I even made a copy for Nance if she wants one." Steve knew he should keep his eyes on the road but he couldn't help but glance out of the corner of his eye. He wanted to know if Jonathan would react the way Steve imagined he would. Jonathan just smiled a secret little smile and slipped the tape carefully into his pocket. It was a little bit more subdued than Steve had imagined but it was very Jonathan and he should have imagined it that way. Jonathan went back to digging

through his shoebox of tapes almost immediately pulling out the one that Steve listened to an embarrassing amount.

“This is my mix tape.” It was both a question and a statement at the same time. Like he had expected Steve to throw it in the back of his closet and never even play the cassette.

“Well yeah, technically it’s my mix tape now,” Steve was feeling awfully embarrassed about it for some reason, “but yeah, it’s the tape you made for me.”

“I can’t believe you actually listened to it.” Now Jonathan sounded like he was the embarrassed one.

“Of course I listen to it, it’s good.” Steve glanced around. It was pretty late, this road was never too busy to start with, they probably wouldn’t pass anyone who knew them. Steve decided to risk it, reaching over the center console to pull Jonathan against his side, “You made it for me, of course it would be good.” Jonathan didn’t say anything to that just buried his face farther into Steve’s shoulder. Steve couldn’t help but peek. Jonathan’s ear (the only piece of skin that was visible) was just the slightest flush of pink in the pale light from the moon. Steve couldn’t help but hold him a little tighter.

“We’re here.” Steve said in a hushed voice like he would shatter the mood if he spoke at full volume.

“I don’t want to go home yet.” Jonathan muttered into Steve’s suit jacket.

“We are literally at your house right now.” Steve said, trying to pull away a little bit, this didn’t seem like a good idea right now.

“We are in my driveway.” Jonathan finally looked up, the hairspray had given up ages ago, his dark eyes staring up through those shaggy bangs, it was way too appealing. “It’s not the same thing.” Steve could have sworn he purred those words, not fair.

“I promised your mom I’d get you back at a decent hour.” Steve tried.

“It’s not even midnight yet.” Jonathan said, creeping just a

little bit closer, “What am I? 12?”

“If we were 12 we would have been back at like 9:30 and your mom would have driven us.” Steve knew he was rambling now.

“Well since we’re obviously not 12,” Jonathan took the opportunity to completely invade his space, crawling over the center console and straddling Steve’s hips, “I think it should be fine if I don’t go home yet.”

“Are you trying to kill me?” Steve wheezed out, he wasn’t sure how much more of this his heart could take. “We promised your mom no funny business!” Steve tried one last excuse.

“Steve,” Jonathan slid his hands up to cradle Steve’s jaw line, “shut up.”

“But...” Steve started but Jonathan wouldn’t let him finish.

“Why do you always do this?” He sounded a little exasperated. Steve whipped his eyes up, worried he’d made Jonathan mad, but he just looked down fondly, continuing to gently run his fingers along Steve’s jaw and cheekbones.

“Dunno,” Steve couldn’t help but lean his face into Jonathan’s hands, they felt like home, “someone might see.”

“Babe, no one is going to see.” Jonathan started pressing little kisses across his face, not fair. “We live in the middle of the woods.”

“Yeah,” he couldn’t help but squirm, “but your house is right there!”

“Yeah?” Jonathan stopped his ministrations for a moment, confused about what Steve could possibly be talking about. Jonathan was supposed to be smart, he should know what Steve meant. “Steve, you know they don’t care right? Like they don’t want to see us making out but like if they see it accidentally it’s no big deal. You know that right?” Jonathan was so gentle with him, what had he ever done to deserve this much happiness? Jonathan carefully tilted his chin up forcing them to make eye contact.

"Yeah, I know." Steve wanted to hide his face to keep the blush from showing but he had something more important to do. He leaned up a little bit more and possibly pulled Jonathan down by his tie (Jonathan should wear ties more often), finally touching their lips together like he'd wanted to do this whole car ride. Steve couldn't help but gasp into Jonathan's mouth as he ran his hands up from Steve's face to bury them in his hair, tugging just a little.

"You like that don't you?" Jonathan's already husky voice was rough and deeper from the liquor. All Steve could do was let out a moan against his mouth and dive back in for more. The car was filled with the soft sound of mouth on mouth. His lips were slightly chapped, a leftover from the long winter, and as he licked into the other teen's mouth all he could taste was the too sweet punch and the smoky bite of the good liquor Steve had nicked off his parents. He couldn't think of anything tasting better in that moment, maybe ever.

It was almost good enough to ignore the way his hand was awkwardly pinned, still wrapped up in Jonathan's tie. He almost ignored it but he was greedy, he wanted more. He tried his best to subtlety remove his hand from between the two of them, the way he rocked up into Jonathan was a complete accident, but he couldn't say he regretted it. Jonathan couldn't help but groan, hot and open mouthed against Steve before grinding back down setting a new rhythm between them. It lit a fire under Steve's desire for *more*. He pulled desperately at the back of Jonathan's shirt, he needed more, he needed more skin against him, he needed more of Jonathan. His hands finally made contact with the smooth skin of Jonathan's broad back, muscles rippling under his hands as he clawed and pulled trying to get impossibly closer in the confined space. Steve couldn't believe they were doing this, he hadn't dry humped in a car for ages but apparently Jonathan made him throw all reason out the window and turned them both into horny pre-teens. It was way better than he could ever remember it being, he was so close... When they both got a little too excited and Jonathan leaned back onto the horn, for an unreasonably long amount of time. They both froze in horror, the front door swung open.

"Mom said to remind you that you're about to miss curfew." Will yelled out the door where he stood barefooted.

“Okay.” Jonathan replied, sounding like he was trying to hold back laughter, jerk. “I’ll be in in a minute.”

“Mom also told me to remind you that the front curtains aren’t closed.” Will sounded almost gleeful at this, Steve thought that he was going to combust right here and now. “Hi Steve.” He called out, obviously enjoying Steve’s embarrassment. They were both jerks, the whole lot of them.

“Hey buddy.” Steve did his best to respond, he couldn’t believe that he’d been talked into this. He could have sworn that Will cackled, he was glad someone was having fun at his expense. Jonathan’s shoulders started shaking with suppressed laughter.

“Well I’m glad you think it’s funny.” Steve muttered grumpily, trying to hide his embarrassment. “I told you we shouldn’t do this.”

“Yeah, you sure did.” Jonathan finally got control over his laughter but the mirth was still written all over his face, “Maybe you were right but I wanted to do this anyway.” He leaned down and pressed a tender kiss to Steve’s mouth, “But I should go now that we have an audience.”

“Probably.” Steve couldn’t help the crooked little grin that stretched across his face as Jonathan clumsily tried to untangle himself to get out of the car, almost falling flat on his face.

“Are you going to be okay driving home like that?” Jonathan asked mischievously, glancing down at Steve’s lap.

“Yeah,” Steve grimaced, “it pretty much died the second the horn went off.”

“Poor baby.” Jonathan was laughing again at his expense but he couldn’t help but forgive him as he leaned back in the car for a goodbye kiss, “See you on Monday?”

“Yeah, see you on Monday.” Steve couldn’t help but smile; prom had been better than he’d thought it could be, “Now get inside before your mom comes out here. I might seriously die if that happens.”

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you so much for reading this story lovelies, I hope you enjoyed it! There is more to come for our trio so make sure to subscribe to the series if you don't want to miss a thing. I'm not sure when I'll start the next story as it is still in the works but it will come out on a one chapter written one chapter published schedule.

If you've enjoyed this story please leave kudos and/or a comment, I love each and every one of them!

You are all amazing and I hope you're having an amazing day! <3

## **Author's Note:**

As always, thank you so much for reading! If you liked it please leave kudos and/or comments, I adore each and every one of them and they really make my day/week/year! Hope you all have a week that is as lovely as you are! <3